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UTOPIAN EMIGRATION.

SIR THOMAS MORE, chancellor to King Henry VIII., wrote a history of a model state—a full, true, and particular account of the good people of Utopia, shewing what a state ought to be, and what a people ought to do. But 'ought' in this world unfortunately stands for nothing. So the late Mr Southey, poet-laureate, summoned the ghost of the unfortunate chancellor's trunk from his tomb at Chelsea, and of his head, which lies buried at Canterbury, and having rejoined them, lectured good old Sir Thomas through two mortally heavy volumes of *Colloquies on Society*. We are left in the dark at the end of the book as to whether the poor ghost was beheaded again or not. If the spirit of the ex-chancellor be still wandering about the world, he may perchance fall in with these pages, so I beg to call his attention to the following passage in his description of Utopia:—

'If there is any increase,' writes he, 'over the whole island, then they draw out a number of their citizens out of the several towns, and send them over to the neighbouring country, where, if they find that the inhabitants have more soil than they can well cultivate, they fix a colony, taking the inhabitants into their society if they are willing to live with them; and when they do that of their own accord, they quickly enter into their method of life, and conform to their rules; and this proves a happiness to both nations. For, according to their constitution, such care is taken of the soil, that it becomes fruitful enough for both, though it might be otherwise too narrow and barren for any one of them. But if the natives refuse to conform themselves to their laws, they drive them out of those bounds which they mark out for themselves, and use force if they resist.'

You will perceive, courteous reader, that there is here no account of the way in which they 'sent them over to the neighbouring country'; how, in fact, they managed their emigration. If you will accompany me, we will explain to the spirit of the good Sir Thomas how we manage emigration now-a-days.

The vessel we select for illustration is in the tropics six weeks on her outward-voyage; the time when we commence our inspection, about half-past five in the morning, just the dawn of day. You and I, good reader, are of course invisible, and an invisible guide—out of deference to the rank of the ex-chancellor's ghost—is prepared to do the honours. He receives us on the passenger-deck—that is, the first floor below the real deck of an emigrant ship—in 12 degrees south latitude.

'She is now,' he very politely adds, 'lying tolerably

still; so you will be enabled to examine fully everything, and I will afford you whatever explanation you may require.'

We are standing in the centre of the vessel, beneath a large opening about twelve feet by nine, with two broad flights of steps leading through it to the deck above. Our faces, as we see by the sails overhead, are turned towards the forepart of the ship. On either side of us are rows of fixed bed-places in two tiers, with square holes to get into them, looking, for all the world, like an enlarged copy of the side of a mercer's shop, with all the drawers taken out—neat blue curtains being drawn across each aperture, and seats placed in front of the lower ones. In the central space of the deck are ranged movable desks and seats—the deck-floor on which we stand being white and clean; our guide informs us that 150 human beings, married folks and young children, are asleep within the blue curtains. 'You perceive,' he adds, 'that each berth is large enough for two adults, and partitioned off. This line of berths extends to a veranda, forming a division from the forepart of the vessel. Beyond that division is the place where the single men have their bachelors' hall, wherein also is another opening or hatchway for them also to ascend and descend. In the daytime, all the verandas and doors in the partition are opened for ventilation. At the other end of the ship, the single women sleep.'

Turning round, we perceive that about half-way, as near as may be, between us and the stern of the vessel, there is another partition across the ship, having a large hatchway and ladder on our side of it, and more blue-curtained berths on either hand. This partition has a large door, carefully locked, and nicely fitted pieces of wood placed veranda fashion. On trying to look through these, merely with an eye to philosophical research, we find that nothing can be seen; but are told that it being very hot weather, the doors and verandas will soon be all opened, and then we can gratify our curiosity. 'Till that time,' continues our guide, 'we will proceed to notice the arrangements of the division you now see, the central one of the ship, where the married people and their children reside. Observe, first, that in each of the hatchways is placed a sort of long throat of canvas, having a large mouth above the level of the ship's sides, through which it inhales the air and conveys it down here.' (Placing our hands at the bottom of the canvas throat, we feel a pleasant stream of cool fresh air breathing down.) 'This is called a wind-sail.'

'These,' indicating two steady-looking middle-aged men, who walk the length of the space, looking round as if to see that all is well, 'are the watch; the night

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being divided into three watches, and two men being always up, in case of illness, and to guard against accidents. They are now taking down the two lamps that have been lit all night. You will see that they are securely locked for fear of carelessness with fire, and that now they place them in a cupboard fitted up with separate stands for each lamp, and furnished with every convenience for trimming them—a duty performed in the day by one of the constables.

‘What are constables?’

‘Well, I’ll tell you; they are picked men, in the proportion of one to fifty on board, who carry out the orders of the head of the ship—that is, the doctor, who not only attends to the health of the emigrants, but sees that all things conducive to health, as diet, cleanliness, &c., are well looked to.

‘The boards supported close to the ceiling, all the length of the ship, on stanchions running through them, are tables that are let down for each meal, being supported by iron bars run through the stanchions at the proper height—the same bars serving to keep them up to the ceiling in the same manner when the tables are not required. To every rafter of the ceiling is fitted a shelf, so that platters and dishes—all of bright polished metal, as you perceive—may be out of the way when not in use. You see, also, that the seats in front of the lower berths on either side have lockers in them, a part of the seat forming the lid, for the purposes of stowage. In every odd corner, moreover, is fitted a cupboard, wherein are deposited the brushes, holystones, &c., for cleansing the decks; for people are now getting fully alive to the fact, that there can be no health without cleanliness.

‘You now perceive that the watch are busy calling up a number of the married men. They are going to fetch out of the hold, or store-deck below, the day’s supply of water and coal for cooking. For comfort and convenience, all those on board are divided into messes of eight or ten each, just enough to sit at the tables I pointed out. Each mess has cooking-utensils, and a keg in which the day’s water is supplied every morning.

‘You hear a little bustle on the other side of the partition forward. It is occasioned by a *troupe* of the single men, who take in turns the duty of cleansing the decks, and pumping water from the sea for the use of the emigrants; no water, except to drink, being allowed to be brought down stairs—a very prudent plan. By the time that all the water is got up, and all the ladders, &c., cleansed, it is seven o’clock. Numbers of children are now running about, as you observe; and the bedding in each berth is neatly rolled up as it is vacated, and the blue curtains festooned back with loops of tape.’

Cr-r-r-ar-r-ack, like the letting off of high-pressure fireworks, goes something behind and in front of us; and as the bell is struck for seven o’clock, down fall the verandaed windows in the compartments of the single he and she folks, and open fly the doors like a change in a pantomime. A bevy of neatly-clad, stout-looking lasses issue from the after-portal, and wend their way up the ladder. At the suggestion of our guide, we follow them up on deck, and then up on the poop, over which an awning is spread to shelter them from the sun. Here they sit down on the hen-coops ranged all round, or stroll up and down in twos and threes to get an appetite for breakfast, as our friend

explained to us. Presently there joins them a fine motherly woman of middle-age, who is evidently regarded with much deference by her pleasant-looking flock.

‘This,’ says the guide, still at our elbows, ‘is the matron; she has supreme power over all the single women, of course under the government of the doctor. The officer of the watch,’ continues he, ‘is now striking eight bells, or eight o’clock. You are aware, doubtless,’ (all this in a to-be-sure sort of a parenthesis), ‘that there is one bell struck every half-hour; and as they never strike more than eight at sea, there are consequently six divisions or watches in the twenty-four hours. You see that a number of the emigrants are now assembled on the forepart of the deck, with metal-pots in their hands. They are obtaining the boiling-water for their breakfast tea, or having their breakfast coffee-pots filled. Now two steady married men wend their way aft, and half-a-dozen of the single women run down below, and bring up the bright tins of their respective messes, and hand them to their constables, for such is the office of these steady-looking men—none of the single women while on deck being permitted to go before the mainmast or centre of the ship. To make up for this, however, they have the exclusive use of the poop or raised deck.’

At this moment a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, with a rather serious smile, apparently about twenty-eight, mounts to the poop. Every face seems to lighten as he looks swiftly but keenly round him; and every girl seems to envy the matron the shake of the hand that accompanies her salute of ‘Good-morning, doctor.’

‘He has just been below to visit one or two sick children. We will go down with him on his morning-round,’ says our Mentor. In a quiet, rapid voice the doctor puts one or two leading questions to the matron about the sick, and about one or two of the little children; and then, whilst strolling up and down the poop, stops now and then to speak a cheerful word to one or other of the damsels, or let off a little joke that sets them all laughing. Soon, however, the girls disappear below; and by the sound that comes up the long air-shaft from their compartment, it is pretty evident they are at their morning-meal. At the same time, the doctor is informed by the steward that breakfast waits in the cabin.

‘We will now take a look round the decks whilst the emigrants are busied below,’ says our conductor. We inquire how the doctors, who are endowed with such arbitrary power, are selected.

‘High professional testimonials and certificates of moral character are in the first place requisite; next, they judge of a man’s fitness by his appearance and bearing; and, thirdly, they very minutely examine into the least circumstance that goes wrong, and any impropriety sets the committer aside from this service for life. Besides this, the doctor is guided by very strict and exact rules, with which he has to comply, and obedience to which he has to enforce.

‘Here,’ continues our guide, when we stand once more on the main-deck, ‘is the bath-room, fitted with two zinc plunge-baths and a shower-bath, all very serviceable in the tropics. You see that pipes for water are led the whole length of the deck to the bath-room. Half-way along them are fitted two cisterns, one on each side of the deck, from which the emigrants draw off whatever water they require for washing, &c. These two cisterns are filled from a large tank, kept full by the single men.

‘All these ropes and spars slung in out-of-the-way places are provisions of the doctor’s for the boys, and children of a larger growth, to practise gymnastics. In this square cabin is the baker’s oven, whence fresh bread is supplied to the emigrants twice a week. Corresponding to it, on the opposite side of the ship,

is the cooking-apparatus, or galley, tended by a professional cook, and an assistant selected from the emigrants, and paid for his services.

'Now they are again assembling on deck; the men taking a morning-pipe, the women bringing up their children, that the matron may observe their condition as to cleanliness and neatness. Little parties are here and there gathered round one who is reading from one of a large stock of books, placed on board for their use; others, busying themselves in assisting the sailors at little odd jobs for the ship.'

Hearing a succession of numbers being called out below, we turn an inquiring look to the spot where we suppose our Mentor is situated.

'They are beginning to serve out the stores,' explains he. Looking down the after-hatchway at his suggestion, we perceive that the ladder has been turned back, and the hatch or hole communicating with the hold is open.

'Number 10,' is called; and the captain or head of the mess bearing that number, hands down a tin-pannikin, which comes up filled with flour for the day. This goes on till all the numbers are called for flour. Then in the same way succeeds the serving out of suet, raisins, fresh meat preserved in tins, potatoes (also preserved), rice, biscuits, &c.

'Doubtless there is some responsible individual below,' we observe.

'Of course, a regularly appointed officer; and, moreover, one of the constables looks to see that the due weight is given. Tables of diet being everywhere hung about, as well as copies of the regulations, that all may know to what amount of provisions they are entitled.

'It is now ten o'clock,' he continues; 'the doctor's hour for making his morning-round; and, punctual to a moment—here he is. At the cabin-door he is joined by an intelligent-looking emigrant he has selected for his assistant. We will follow them, and walk the hospitals.'

On our way down the main-hatchway, on our observing: 'You spoke of washing—is it allowed on board?' our Mentor answers:

'Certainly, twice a week; and clothes-lines are hung about aloft to dry the linen on. On these days the ship seems to be trying on a Harlequin's suit. It has happened before now that other vessels have been puzzled to imagine what the strange-looking signal-flags could mean, when a string of pocket-handkerchiefs was hung drying aloft. The emigrants are required to bring a certain quantity of sea-water soap with them, and a large quantity is in addition placed on board, to be given out. The doctor, too, sometimes allows the bath-room to be used for ironing purposes. The cap-edgings that are stiffened on these occasions would astonish you.'

We have passed the Rubicon whilst our garrulous friend talks on. We are in the sanctum of the single women. Here the berths are arranged in the same style as in the married folks' department—two girls sleeping in one berth—but everything being much neater, and looking more precise, with crochet-work borders to the bed-curtains, and little ornamental bits of work here and there, all due to the good taste of the matron, who is now accompanying the doctor on his visit to one or two ailing ones, and pointing out little deficiencies in the woodwork of cupboards, and other conveniences; for every requirement of 'parlour, kitchen, hall,' is here placed for the use of the single women. The few who are below—one for each mess—are busily engaged in concocting puddings, &c., for their attendant constables to take forward to the cook-house. Above our heads a large air-shaft, with iron bars, however, across its bottom, runs up to the poop-deck above. On either hand, through the sides of the ship, are pierced holes, with small, circular thick glass

windows let into them. At the extreme end of the vessel are large square frames, with thick blocks of wood exactly fitting from the outside, and called stern-ports. All these—side-ports, air-shaft, and stern-ports, as well as the windows and door of the partition—are now wide open, and make very pleasant and cool the air of the compartment.

The doctor now enters a space partitioned off at the end of the department, like a large cabin of verandawork. From certain small gurgling sounds that issue thence, we opine that this is the hospital, and our friend informs us we are right. There are two young babies, with their mothers; the former having each a nice little swinging-cradle, and the hospital being fitted with a large variety of requisites for babydom, such as complicated apparatuses for making food at out-of-the-way times, filters to insure purity of the water, mills to grind biscuits or rusks for pap, &c. His medical inspection over, the doctor has a chat with the matron about 'the stock.' This stock consists of materials for needle-work—in all its varieties, crochet-knitting, and sewing—placed on board for the matron to set all the idle hands to work on. A pretty stock of stockings, &c., some of them have to start in life with when they arrive; the produce of their own handiwork being given to each. In addition, there is a large quantity of straw and chips for making hats and other things, put on board to employ the leisure hours of the single men. The matron's stock—for she is supreme head of the hospital, with one or two nurses under her—also includes large supplies of baby-linen, &c., in case of any unprovided-for arrivals occurring.

Their consultation over, the doctor again moves into and through the married folks' compartment, noting on his way the medicines he had promised for the sick, calling here and there at a berth where lies some one ailing, glancing his eye down the after-hatch *en passant*, listening to complaints and begging-petitions, and settling all with a word, but that always a just one. So he approaches the desks we noticed arranged in the between-decks. Here are now seated a class of boys, busy with their slates and copy-books, whilst others stand or sit around in their classes, conning their lessons. The teacher is hearing a class when we come up. The doctor quietly takes a seat at his side; praises those who acquit themselves well; and draws some little books from his capacious pockets to distribute among them. Pleasant it is to see how proud the lads look, and how they long to be off to shew their prizes.

'The school-hours,' says our conductor, 'are from ten to twelve and two to five. The teacher is also the librarian. The large stock of reading-books being under his charge, and distributed by the doctor at the end of the voyage to those of the children who have done best. Some of these boys, you see, write a very good hand; and a great number have the basis of their education firmly and well established in these ships. There is a similar school for the little girls going on upon the poop under the awning; they having also samplers to work, and the other requisites of female industry.'

We now move on with the doctor, whose sharp eye here and there catches a speck of dirt, or a little untidiness of the bedding, when down comes the owner of the berth, looking as sheepish as may be; for it is tolerably evident that the doctor could be pretty severe if he chose, and that they all seem to know. Next we follow him into the single men's compartment; much like that of the spinsters, but that it contains only bed-berths, as they are not accustomed to be below except to sleep. Three or four there are sitting weaving straw, but the department is comparatively deserted for the fresh air of the deck, with which a large hatchway and ladder communicate. Looking round and seeing all

is well, the doctor passes into a second hospital, fitted with berths, in case of severe accidents to any of the male emigrants, but seeming to be principally used as a dispensary. Here stands a large bucket of warm milk, that the assistant starts off with to distribute to the infants and the sick. Being a little puzzled at the appearance of such a commodity here, our conductor points to a heap of tins labelled 'Concentrated Milk.' Silly dipping our fingers in as it passes, and tasting it, we find it to be as sweet as if fresh drawn from the cow, with a rich cream, too, standing on the top. Having sent out the medicines, the doctor gives directions about supplying certain of the sick with soups, broths, jellies, and fresh meats. Looking upon this as a joke, we hint as much to our conductor. 'No,' replies he; 'they are all at hand here, preserved in hermetically-sealed tins; to say nothing of wonderful grits for baby-food, and arrow-root, sago, &c., all of which are abundantly supplied.' This over, the doctor takes a long blue book and fills in a list of names, placing opposite each an amount of stout, or wine, or spirits. This looks like another joke, till our friend sets us right. 'All the nursing-women,' explained he, 'are allowed a pint of stout per day; and wines, spirits, beer, &c., are supplied wherever deemed requisite.'

Having handed over the list to his assistant to serve out, and given him directions to sprinkle chloride of lime in one or two places where he had detected an unpleasant odour, the doctor wends his way up-stairs. It is now half-past twelve. He stays at the cooking-galley, where is an enormous copper of beautifully boiled rice, which the cook is turning out and distributing among the captains of the messes; the meat being in another copper on the fire ready to follow. Each takes his allowance in the most orderly manner; and, looking down the main-hatchway, we see the tables all let down, and neatly laid out below for the meal, and the children, all neat and clean, sitting up grandly, awaiting the first instalment. 'Besides the provisions served out to each,' says our guide, 'all young children are allowed certain little extras—as sago, beef-tea, sugar, &c. The remainder of the day is spent in this wise: after dinner, all reassemble on deck, when every trace of dinner has been carefully cleared away below. They variously amuse themselves till tea-time. After tea are the two hours of grand amusement. Here and there a singing-party collects; on the ladder where you are sitting, a fifer takes his post and plays, whilst the single women dance on the poop, and the married-folk and single men foot it on the main-deck. It is a sight worth staying to see, if you were not so tired, the intense way in which they go in for enjoyment. At eight o'clock—eight bells—all is at an end. The single women are marshalled below; the muster-roll of their names called over by the matron; and all of them locked in their compartment for the night. The children are all in bed long before this. The watches for the night are set; the lamps trimmed by the constable in charge, and relocked; and the doctor makes his round, to see that all is well, supplying the sick with drinks, &c., for the night, chatting here and there with some of the emigrants, and having a pleasant word for all. Then there is peace below, saving the subdued chat of groups around the lamps. The single men are usually on deck till late, and many of the married men too, lending a hand to work the ship if required; and, indeed, in the stormiest night it seldom requires more than a call to have up a gang strong enough to pull the masts out of the ship, so beloved is the captain; and a good captain, I need hardly say, makes good officers.'

Now, if the ghost of Sir Thomas More has seen and heard all this, will he pretend to tell us that there is anything to equal it in his Utopian dream? Yet every

word we have written is literally true; and the emigrant-ship we have visited is one sent out by, and subject to the rules and regulations of, the Colonial Land and Emigration Commissioners of 9 Park Street, Westminster.

HEARING FOR THE DEAF.

WHY remain deaf? We ask the question advisedly; for the progress of surgical science has of late years been such, that all ordinary cases of deafness are now proved to be curable. The subject is one to which we the more willingly call attention as the remedy is simple, and the number of those who need it great. It is a sad spectacle to see a person in good health otherwise, cut off from one of the most blessed means of social intercourse—that of conversation. Want of hearing is, indeed, a more deplorable affliction than most people believe: no sounds of rustling trees, singing birds, or falling waters, neither the voice of nature, nor the voices of the household, make any impression on the ear; and through the deprivation, many deaf persons are a weariness to themselves and their friends. An invention which makes the world around become audible to the greater number of them, is something not to be passed over without notice.

The marble effigy of the boy with the broken drum, seen by so many thousands at the Great Exhibition, may be taken as no unapt illustration of most deaf people. The cause of their infirmity is really a broken drum, and great reason have they to sorrow over it. We all know that a musical drum will not speak when the parchment is cracked; there is no reverberation, no return of sound. So it is with the drum of the ear. When it is a complete membrane stretching across the whole interior passage of the ear, then we hear well; but let there be ever so slight an opening, and we are at once enrolled in the ranks of the deaf. Apparently there is not much mystery in the cause of deafness.

If it be asked, in what does the cause originate? the answer is—disease. A very small percentage of the population are born deaf; but in some of the numerous maladies which we have to go through at sundry periods of our terrestrial existence, the organisation of the ears is so severely deranged, that deafness follows as the inevitable consequence. Many a mother will remember that when her child was recovering from an attack of scarlet fever, scarlatina, measles, or sometimes a common cold, the little patient shewed signs of deafness, which no after-treatment would remove. The mucous membrane of the drum of the ear had become thickened, and more or less inflamed during the disease; and when this is the case, the result is, that mucus is secreted in greater quantity than usual, and of so viscid a quality, that it cannot be got rid of by the usual channel of escape—namely, the Eustachian tube. The accumulation of mucus goes on, therefore, until pressing on the tympanum, or drum, the latter begins to ulcerate, its substance is injured, it cracks, and the mischief is done. The opening is, in some instances, not larger than could be made with a pin—at times, a mere narrow slit; at others, the drum membrane is entirely eaten away, except a scanty margin left adhering to the passage of the ear. Then it is that the mucus finds its way outwards as a disagreeable-looking discharge, and this being suspected as the cause of deafness, attempts are made to suppress it; but even should it cease, the power of hearing remains imperfect by reason of the broken drum. Such is the history of most ordinary cases of deafness. At times, however, there is no perforation of the tympanum, but the mucous membrane becomes either too

dry or too moist, secreting too much mucus or none at all; and in either case the hearing is impaired, and the person affected assumes that anxious, inquiring stare peculiar to the deaf. Other causes might be adduced, but what we have to do with on the present occasion is, the broken drum. We may mention, however, that there is no hope of cure for a person so deaf as to need to be shouted to close to his ear.

We come now to the remedy; and here we quote from a pamphlet recently published,* which contains the sum of all that is at present known on the subject. The author, Mr Toynbee, after some years' study of the important branch of anatomy which comprehends the ear, has cleared away some of the errors in which it was involved, and thrown such additional light upon it, that henceforth the incurable cases of deafness will be greatly reduced in number. Until within the past year or two, the Eustachian tube was believed to be always open, allowing a free passage to the throat. Mr Toynbee, however, shews it to be always closed, except during the transient act of swallowing. It is while thus briefly open that the redundant mucus from the ear escapes, and air is admitted. He gives what he calls 'experimental proofs,' which we quote as deserving attention, and likely to be beneficial. 'To those accustomed to descend in a diving-bell,' he says, 'it is well known that the unpleasant sensation in the ears, amounting sometimes to positive pain, is capable of instant removal by the act of swallowing, during which the condensed air being allowed to enter the tympanum and come in contact with the inside of the membrana tympani, the pressure on its outer surface is relieved by being counterbalanced. Again, if an attempt is made to swallow while the nostrils are closed by the finger and thumb, a sensation of fulness and pressure is experienced in the tympanic cavity, in consequence of air having been forced, during the act of deglutition, through the open tube into the tympanum; and this sensation continues until, by another act of swallowing, the tube is re-opened, and the confined air escapes into the fauces.'

That which it has been the fashion to print in popular works on physiology, about little bones within the ear playing on the drum, and so communicating sounds to the brain, is far from being correct. These bones serve an important purpose in regulating muscular action: one of them, the stapes, has a movement similar to that of a piston, and when that becomes fixed by any cause, a case of incurable deafness is at once established; but it is by the impact of air upon the drum, and the communication of the latter with the auditory nerve, that the sense of sound is conveyed to the brain. In the course of his investigations, Mr Toynbee was struck by the fact, that after syringing the ear with tepid water, the hearing of the patient was sensibly restored for some minutes, and then was suddenly lost again. Examining into the phenomenon, he found it to be due to the closing up of the perforation in the tympanum by a bubble of the water. While the bubble remained, the drum was, so to speak, unbroken, and the patient was able to hear; but as soon as it evaporated or broke, the membrane was again imperfect, and deafness returned. Taking the hint, he found it possible to effect temporary closure of the orifice by applying a solution of gum-acacia, and so to keep up for a time the improvement in hearing; and after this, as he relates, 'I tried vulcanised India-rubber and gutta-percha, making use of the thinnest layers of them that were procurable. With both these substances, I succeeded in making a rude kind of artificial membrana tympani, by cutting a portion

about the size of the natural membrane, and passing through it a piece of thread, by means of which, and a fine tube, it could be passed down to its proper situation.' There—that is the whole secret. Cover the broken drum with a sound artificial one, and the deaf will hear as well as their neighbours!

Improved by experience, the artificial drums are now made by Messrs Weiss with a fine silver wire substituted for the thread, attached to one of the two small, thin silver plates, between which the disk of India-rubber or gutta-percha is held. The latter is about three-quarters of an inch diameter, 'which leaves sufficient margin for the surgeon to cut out a membrane of any shape that may seem to him desirable, and to leave the silver plate, either in the centre or towards the circumference, at his discretion. The silver wire is of sufficient length to admit of the membrane being introduced or withdrawn by the patient, but is not perceived externally, except upon especial observation.' It is possible, by a slight change in attaching the wire, to give it an oblique direction, which in some instances is found more suitable to the ear than the other.

As to the mode of inserting the new drum, we give Mr Toynbee's own explanation. After stating that it is to be kept external to whatever remains of the natural drum, and recommending careful examination of the form of the passage, he proceeds: 'The operator should then cut the artificial membrane as nearly of the size and shape of the natural one as possible, taking care at the same time to keep the margin quite smooth and regular. The patient must then be placed with the head inclined to the opposite shoulder, while a strong light is thrown into the meatus, which, if liable to discharge, should have been previously syringed. The operator will now take the artificial membrane, and having moistened it with water, pass it, by means of the silver wire, gently inwards, until it has reached what he considers the natural position. This he will ascertain by the occurrence of a faint bubbling sound, caused by the escape of the slightly compressed air beyond it; he will also feel a slight obstruction offered to its further passage by the remnant of the natural membrane. Should he attempt to pass the artificial membrane beyond this point, the patient will complain of pain, which until then had not been felt. The most certain test, however, of the artificial membrane having been properly placed, is the sensation of the patient, who discovers by the sound of his own voice, or that of the surgeon, or by the movement of his tongue and lips, that his hearing has been suddenly much improved.'

The effect produced on some persons is almost magical: they not only hear sounds close to them, but those far off. Some find no inconvenience whatever from the new drum; others can only wear it for an hour or two every day, until by use they lose the uncomfortable feeling caused at first, and then it may be retained through the whole of the day. It should, however, in all cases be removed at night.

Were this the place to give details of cases that have been cured, we might fill a page or two with interesting facts; but for these we must refer the reader, whether lay or professional, to the pamphlet which has suggested our remarks. We may, however, mention one—a lieutenant, now serving in the Black Sea fleet. He had never heard with his right ear; yet no sooner was the artificial drum introduced, than his hearing became perfect, and no one on board the ship has discovered his deafness.

There is something strange in the idea of being able to hear or not to hear at pleasure; and we doubt not that occasions will arise when the wearers of artificial drums will find it desirable to take them out. Nelson once found it convenient to put his telescope to his blind eye. At all events, suffering will be alleviated; and who shall say whether we are to stop with the cure

* *On the Use of an Artificial Membrana Tympani, in Cases of Deafness dependent on Perforation or Destruction of the Natural Organ.* By Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S. Second Edition. 8vo. London: Churchill. 1854.

of deafness? But a few weeks ago, a deaf and dumb boy was exhibited to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, who, by highly-skilful training, had been made not only to hear partially, but to speak so as to be understood.

FORTUNES OF A FRENCH-RUSSIAN.

THERE dwelt at Orleans, some forty or fifty years ago, a worthy young couple named Jean and Marie Lejeune. They were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the joyousness and insouciance of youthful life. As time went on, they became wealthy in sons also; but these were not destined to be the stay of their parents in advancing life, for as each one of them grew up to manhood, he found himself, either from choice or necessity, enrolled in the service of Napoleon the Great. One only boy remained to cheer the parental home: he was still a child, and the darling of his mother, who fondly hoped to keep him always by her side, and with this view she laboured hard to instil into his mind a love of peace and hatred of war. Vain, however, were poor Marie's endeavours, for François, even in his earliest boyhood, listened with avidity to tales of war and glory; and when the note of preparation sounded throughout France for the great Russian campaign, his imagination became so inflamed by a love of military adventure, that he flung himself into the vortex of that gigantic enterprise, and soon found himself in the midst of the Grande Armée, serving as drummer in a distinguished regiment. The position of François was not, truly, a very distinguished one, but he already regarded himself as a hero; for did he not serve 'l'Empereur,' and was he not one of the Grande Armée, by whom Russia was to be overrun and conquered? Now and then a thought or a sigh would be given to his good mother, who had wept so bitterly at his departure; but he was a gay, light-hearted boy, and soon became the favourite of his comrades, so that each graver thought quickly vanished from his mind, and he dreamt only of the glories that lay before him.

On the entry of the French into Moscow, no one held his head higher than François Lejeune, and he beat his drum with an air of as much importance as if the success of the whole expedition depended on the flourish of his drum-sticks. But now a new leaf in the pages of his life was about to be opened. Moscow was burnt, and the French army began its disastrous retreat amid all the inclemencies of a Russian winter. François was obliged, like his comrades, to set out on his homeward way amid the combined miseries of war, famine, and ice. His fingers soon lost their power; his drum became silent; and before he reached Smolensk, this favourite companion of his march had dropped from his hands, and sank into the wintry snow.

At Smolensk, our hero's strength failed him; and pinched alike with cold and hunger, he fell out of the ranks, and was made prisoner by some Russian serfs, who shut him up in a dreary mill, where he lay more dead than alive during a night of intense cold. He was aroused from this state of torpor on the following morning, by finding himself once more in the clutches of his barbarous captors, who dragged him along a causeway, one side of which was bordered by a frozen river. Some of the party began to dig a hole in the ice, while others gave him to understand, by very intelligible signs, that it was intended for his accommodation. The terrified youth besought them to spare him, and asked their pity for his mother's sake—'so tender a mother, that she would break

her heart if he did not return to her.' This piteous appeal had no effect upon the peasants, who, of course, did not understand a single word of what he was saying. Some laughed at the strangeness of his language; some mimicked his impassioned gestures; and one of them had just collared the unhappy François, with the intention of plunging him into the river, when suddenly was heard the merry tinkling of bells, and there came dashing along the causeway a large and handsome sleigh, drawn by three beautiful little Viatkar horses. Seated in the sleigh, wrapt up in costly furs, was a stout, hale-looking gentleman.

'What are you about there, my children?' inquired he of the serfs.

'We are only drowning a Frenchman.'

'Oh! is that all?' rejoined he.

'Monsieur, monsieur!' cried the unhappy drummer, as he struggled to free himself from the hands of the serfs.

'Very fine, indeed!' muttered the fur-clad gentleman in an angry and supercilious tone. 'Very fine, indeed! Here is a fellow who comes among us to do all the mischief he can—sets fire to Moscow; tears down the cross from the cupola of Ivan the Great; and now, forsooth, it is *Mossie—Mossie*. Ah ha! we are crest-fallen now; but death and destruction to the scoundrels! Come, let us get on, Filka,' continued he, addressing his coachman, and throwing himself back in his comfortable seat.

A touch of the whip is given, and the fiery little steeds are darting forward, when suddenly some new thought seems to have occurred to the nobleman, who calls out: 'Stop, Filka.'

'Pray, sir, do you understand music?' inquired he in Russian of the trembling drummer.

'Sauvez moi, mon bon monsieur, sauvez moi!' cried out Lejeune in an agony of terror, as he felt that his existence was hanging as by a slender thread upon the good offices of the stranger.

'Good heavens! what strange people these French are!' observed the nobleman. 'Half a million of them have come into Russia, and not one of them can, I believe, speak a word of our language—the barbarians!' And then turning with an air of self-complacency and conscious superiority to Lejeune: 'Meousique, meousique, savé meousique, vous? Eh bien, repondon vous, franncé! sur forté-piano, joué, savé?'

At any other time, François would have smiled at this jargon, but at the present moment it sounded like the sweetest music in his ears, for it gave him hope. He quickly perceived the drift of the inquiry, and immediately replied: 'Yes, sir, I am a musician, and if you only save my life, I will play all day, and all night too, for you, if you please.'

'Well, you may thank your stars for it!' said the gentleman, laughing. 'Come, children, let him go. There! I give you twenty kopecks to drink.'

'Thank you, sir; there he is for you.'

So saying, they loosed their hold upon poor Lejeune, who, on finding himself safe in the sleigh, was so bewildered with joy, that he laughed and cried, and bowed and smiled to all around him. His gratitude was so expansive, that he not only thanked the nobleman, but also the coachman, and the very moujiks, too, who had been on the point of drowning him five minutes before. A moment more, and he found himself whirling along by the side of his preserver, who, observing that he was quite blue and shrivelled with cold, kindly wrapped a fur mantle round him. In a short time, they drew up before a large house, and were received at the door by several servants, to whose care François was consigned. They conducted him into a warm apartment, chafed his half-frozen limbs, and clothed him in a suit of comfortable garments. Then they set food before him, of which the poor boy gladly partook, as he was quite exhausted with hunger. His

benefactor now appeared, and addressing him in his own peculiar dialect of French, 'Mossié, mossié, véné—véné,' beckoning the youth at the same time to follow him.

Lejeune obeyed, and soon found himself in the presence of two young ladies, who were seated at work in a large drawing-room. 'Here, my children,' said their father, 'is a gentleman who will instruct you in music and French. He will teach you the true Parisian accent. You have long been teasing me for a master, and I have just been so lucky as to pick one up for you at Smolensk.' Then advancing towards an old spinet, that stood at one end of the apartment, he turned to Lejeune: 'Allonn, allonn, fésé vous à nous voir votre talent; joué, joué; soyé pas hontée.'

Poor François was nearly at his wits' end on receiving this command; for the drum was his only instrument, and never in his life had he even touched a pianoforte. However, he felt that his life was probably hanging on the result of this moment; and so, assuming an air of confidence, and bowing low to the ladies, he seated himself before the instrument. At first, he placed his hands gently upon it, and moving his fingers like drum-sticks in time with some favourite regimental air, he began to hum the tune, while he swayed his head and body from left to right, and right to left, with all the importance of a first-rate professor. He was wont in after-life to describe the whole scene very humorously. 'I expected every moment,' said he, 'that my preserver would have called in a couple of lackeys, and ordered them to pitch me out into the snow; but on casting a furtive glance towards him, I perceived that he was nodding significantly towards his daughters, as if to make them remark what a treasure he had procured for them; so I took courage, struck the instrument more boldly, sang my song more emphatically, and took still greater airs upon myself; whereupon the worthy gentleman clapped his hands with delight, cried out bravo, and in a few minutes came over, and clapped me amicably on the shoulder, saying: "Tré bienn, tré bienn, jé vois qué vous savé; vous allé couché, allé."'

Never was an order more readily obeyed; for poor François was worn out with fatigue and excitement, so that he needed not to 'woo soft slumbers to his drooping lids.'

About a fortnight afterwards, Lejeune's patron received a visit from a nobleman of higher rank than himself, a man of talent and education, who took so great a fancy to the young drummer, that he asked his host if he would consent to yield him to his protection. This was granted; and Lejeune now found himself placed under very favourable circumstances, for his new friend not only treated him kindly, but gave him a good education. Some years later, he married him to a young lady, a protégée of his wife, and the marriage proved a prosperous and a happy one. Lejeune, in accordance with the desire of his patron, entered the Russian service, and through the influence of this nobleman he acquired personal, and subsequently hereditary, nobility. In after-life, he became allied by the marriage of his only daughter with a distinguished nobleman, named Lebysanief, who was high in power in the government of Orel; and for the sake of being near his child, whom he tenderly loved, François Lejeune—or, as he was now called, Frantz Ivanovitch Lejeune—came to reside in that part of the country. It was here we first met him, and made his acquaintance. We remember him well—a lively, courteous little man, with dark eyes and gray hair. His usual attire was a black velvet surcoat.

Most probably the ci-devant French drummer still dwells in the far east of Russia, among his adopted countrymen; but when he hears of the gallant deeds of his true compatriots upon the heights of Sebastopol, who knows but that his spirit may be chafing beneath

the bondage of Russian despotism, and that he may long to find himself once more serving under a name he had once revered and idolised—L'Empereur Napoléon!

MRS JAMESON'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.*

LARGELY and successfully has Mrs Jameson contributed to the belles-lettres of our time. Every production of hers is distinguished, more or less, according to the subject, by clearness and power of thought, by genuine sensibility, an elevated purity of tone, rare felicity of illustration, and the most engaging grace of style. The *Commonplace-book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies*, which forms her latest publication, is, by the nature of it, desultory in theme and fragmentary in form; but it is rich for all that in some of her most characteristic beauties, and is a right pleasant collection of the 'fragments that remain over and above' what she has heretofore in many a dainty dish set before the public. For many years it has been her custom, she tells us, to make a memorandum of any thought which may come across her if pen and paper are at hand, and to mark and remark any passage in a book which excites either a sympathetic or a dissentient feeling. This collection of notes it is, accumulating from day to day, to which we owe the admirable volumes on *Shakspeare's Women*, on *Sacred and Legendary Art*, the *Monastic Orders*, the *Madonna*, &c.—'sprung from seed thus lightly and casually sown, which,' she says, 'I hardly know how, grew up and expanded into a regular readable form, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.' But what was she to do with the fragments which remained, without beginning, and without end—links of a hidden or a broken chain? She has done well with them, by thus giving to their scattered and chaotic 'atomies' a local habitation and a name, and so enabling us to trace the path, 'sometimes devious enough, of an "inquiring spirit" even by the little pebbles dropped as vestiges by the wayside.' Such a book, the writer fairly presumes, may serve, like conversation with a friend, to open up sources of sympathy and reflection, and, like every spontaneous utterance of thought out of an earnest mind, may prove highly influential by its suggestive character. It comprises a rather large number of selected passages from the writings of men of genius and origination; but it is of course to the original passages in Mrs Jameson's own handwriting that our attention is here directed. These are divided into two sections—one devoted to ethics and character, the other to literature and art.

In the former division, we frequently light on such remarks as this: 'Social opinion is like a sharp knife. There are foolish people who regard it only with terror, and dare not touch or meddle with it; there are more foolish people who, in rashness or defiance, seize it by the blade, and get cut and mangled for their pains; and there are wise people who grasp it discreetly and boldly by the handle, and use it to carve out their own purposes.' Elsewhere she observes, that in what regards policy—government—the interest of the many is sacrificed to the few; in what regards society, the morals and happiness of individuals are sacrificed to the many. Again: Can there be progress, she asks, which is not progression—which does not leave a past from which to start—on which to rest our foot when we spring forward? No wise man kicks the ladder from beneath him, or obliterates the traces of the road through which he has travelled, or pulls down the memorials he has built by the wayside. We cannot get on without linking our present and our future with our past. All re-action is destructive—all progress,

* A *Commonplace-book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies*, Original and Selected. By Mrs Jameson. Longman. London.

conservative: we gain nothing by defacing and trampling down the idols of the past, to set up new ones in their places; let it be sufficient to leave them behind us, measuring our advance by keeping them in sight.

Strength, she remarks, does not consist only in the more or the less. 'There are different sorts of strength as well as different degrees—the strength of marble to resist; the strength of steel to oppose; the strength of the fine gold, which you can twist round your finger, but which can bear the force of innumerable pounds without breaking.'

Here are two or three characteristic morceaux, clustered together by us without interval, but not to be read, or at least marked and inwardly digested, without pause. 'In the same moment that we begin to speculate on the possibility of cessation or change in any strong affection that we feel, even from that moment we may date its death—it has become the fetch of the living love.' 'A king or a prince becomes by accident a part of history. A poet or an artist becomes by necessity a part of universal humanity.' 'There are no such self-deceivers as those who think they reason when they only feel.' 'If the deepest and best affections which God has given us sometimes brood over the heart like doves of peace, they sometimes suck out our life-blood like vampires.' 'A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes—like a dead wasp.'

Here and there we meet with a bit of personal anecdote or interesting personal talk. 'When I told Tieck of the death of Coleridge, . . . he exclaimed with emotion: "A great spirit has passed away from the earth, and has left no adequate memorial of its greatness." Speaking of him afterwards, he said: "Coleridge possessed the creative and inventive spirit of poetry, not the productive; he thought too much to produce—the analytical power interfered with the genius; others, with more active faculties, seized and worked out his magnificent hints and ideas." 'At dinner to-day, there was an attempt made by two very clever men to place Theodore Hook above Sidney Smith. I fought with all my might against both. . . . I do not take to Sidney Smith personally, because my nature feels the want of the artistic and imaginative in his nature; but see what he has done for humanity, for society, for liberty, for truth—for us women! What has Theodore Hook done that has not perished with him? Even as wits—and I have been in company with both—I could not compare them; but they say the wit of Theodore Hook was only fitted for the company of men—the strongest proof that it was not genuine of its kind, that when most bearable it was most superficial. I set aside the other obvious inference, that it required to be excited by stimulants, and those of the coarsest, grossest kind. The wit of Sidney Smith almost always involved a thought worth remembering for its own sake, as well as worth remembering for its brilliant vehicle; the value of ten thousand pounds sterling of sense concentrated into a cut and polished diamond.'

Mrs Jameson gives us what she calls 'A Revelation of Childhood;' her own childhood, its experiences and sensations, highly individual and interesting, but far too long for quotation. One little incident may be mentioned, for the sake of the doctrine thereto attached. In her very little girlhood, she was one day kept without food, and sent hungry and exhausted to bed, for not reciting some lines by heart; the punishment being inflicted on the assumption that she was wilfully obstinate. She now tells us that she does not believe herself to have been naturally obstinate, speaking generally; and as to this particular case, she adds: 'But what no one knew then, and what I know now as the fact was, that after refusing to do what was required, and bearing anger and threats in consequence, I lost the power to do it. I became stone:

the will was petrified, and I absolutely could not comply. They might have hacked me in pieces before my lips could have unclosed to utterance.' She expresses her conviction, that the obstinacy was not in the mind but on the nerves; and that what we call obstinacy in children, and in grown-up people too, is often something of this kind, and that it may be increased by mismanagement, by persistence, or what is called firmness in the controlling power into disease, or something near to it. Her infancy appears to have suffered in an exquisite degree from an exaggerated fear of darkness, and its associated ideas of supernatural influences; the figure of the ghost in *Hamlet* in some old engraving was a spectre haunting her young soul with a power not to be 'laid' for three long years: 'For three years it followed me up and down the dark staircase, or stood by my bed; only the blessed light had power to exorcise it.' In daylight, she was not only fearless, but daring—inclined to defy all power and brave all danger, if only visible; and she records her once leading the way through a herd of cattle, among which was a vicious bull, the pest of the neighbourhood, armed only with a little stick. 'But first I said the Lord's Prayer fervently. In the ghastly night I never prayed; terror stifled prayer.' The propensity to reverie was another strongly developed point in her early character, morbidly indulged in, and affording her present occasion to enforce some excellent cautions of sound practical quality and real psychological moment. She finely descants, too, on her early, instinctive, boundless delight in external beauty; her sympathy with the outer, living, beautiful world; how she found perfect pleasure in the appearance of nature—the stars, that were to her as the gates of heaven; the rolling of the wave to the shore; the graceful weeds and grasses bending before the breeze, as they grew by the wayside; the minute and delicate form of insects; the trembling shadow of boughs and leaves dancing on the ground in the highest noon. Thus, Thomson's *Seasons* became a favourite book before she could understand one-half of it; St Pierre's *Indian Cottage* was charming, as reflecting her dreams, or giving her new stuff for them in pictures of an external world so different from the one familiar to her—palm-trees, elephants, tigers, dark turbaned men with flowing draperies; and the *Arabian Nights* came in to complete her Oriental intoxication, and almost promise it a lease of perpetuity.

Among the miscellaneous topics discussed or touched upon in this volume, a few pages are devoted to the subject of the lower animals, their capacities, their destinies, and the wrongs they suffer from the 'upper classes' of their genus. We have not space to illustrate, but the following touching anecdote must find room:—'Once, when I was at Vienna, there was a dread of hydrophobia, and orders were given to massacre all the dogs which were found unchained or uncollared in the city or suburbs. Men were employed for the purpose, and they generally carried a short heavy stick, which they flung at the poor proscribed animal with such certain aim as either to kill or maim it mortally at one blow. It happened one day that, close to the edge of the river, near the Ferdinand's-Brücke, one of these men flung his stick at a wretched dog, but with such bad aim that it fell into the river. The poor animal, following his instinct or his teaching, immediately plunged in, redeemed the stick, and laid it down at the feet of its owner, who, snatching it up, dashed out the creature's brains.' Mrs Jameson adds an expression of wonder what the Athenians would have done to such a man—who they banished the judge of the Areopagus, because he flung away the bird which had sought shelter in his bosom.

One or two poetical fragments are all that Mrs Jameson vouchsafes us of her essays in verse. Some lines, dated 1840, have a musical melancholy

not without character and charm, pitched in a like key with the 'I have lived, I have loved,' of Schiller's *Thelma* :—

Take me, my Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there in everlasting rest;
The long day is o'er!
I'm weary, I would sleep;
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more!

I have had joy and sorrow; I have proved
What life could give; have loved, have been beloved;
I am sick, and heart sore,
And weary—let me sleep!
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more!

To thy dark chamber, Mother Earth, I come,
Prepare my dreamless bed in my last home;
Shut down the marble door,
And leave me—let me sleep!
But deep, deep,
Never to waken more!

But the foremost attractions, probably, of the present volume lie in the scattered titbits of criticism it contains, literary and artistic. As a critic, there are few to surpass Mrs Jameson in subtle perception, depth of sympathy, and delicacy of touch; and there are passages in the *Commonplace-book* worthy of her who has limned with such accuracy and finish the portraits of the Women of Shakespeare. In a brief comment on Mr Thackeray's Lectures, she utters with emphasis and discretion her protest against his womankind, at least the gentle and good of them; declaring that while no woman resents his Rebecca, or fails to 'acknowledge with a shiver the completeness of that wonderful and finished artistic creation,' every woman, on the other hand, resents the 'selfish, inane Aurelia.' Laura in *Pendennis* she pronounces a yet more fatal mistake. 'She is drawn with every generous feeling, every good gift. We do not complain that she loves that poor creature Pendennis, for she loved him in her childhood. She grew up with that love in her heart; it came between her and the perception of his faults; it is a necessity indivisible from her nature. Hallowed through its constancy, therein alone would lie its best excuse, its beauty, and its truth. But Laura is faithless to that first affection; Laura, waked up to the appreciation of a far more noble and manly nature, in love with Warrington, and then going back to Pendennis and marrying him! Such infirmity might be true of some women, but not of such a woman as Laura; we resent the inconsistency, the indelicacy of the portrait.' Thence passing on to a yet warmer protest against Lady Castlewood, in *Esmond*, Mrs Jameson apostrophises the novelist with a hearty 'Oh, Mr Thackeray, this will never do! Such women *may* exist; but to hold them up as examples of excellence, and fit objects of our best sympathies, is a fault, and proves a low standard in ethics and in art. When an author presents to us a heroine whom we are called upon to admire, let him at least take care that she is admirable.' Many a woman will be grateful to Mrs Jameson, for giving form and expression to a feeling so common on the part of her sex.

Mr Carlyle is frequently alluded to, directly or indirectly, in this book of waifs and strays. Perhaps the most significant instance is the following:—'Carlyle thus apostrophised a celebrated orator, who abused his gift of eloquence to insincere purposes of vanity, self-interest, and expediency: "You blasphemous scoundrel! God gave you that gifted tongue of yours, and set it between your teeth, to make known your true meaning to us, not to be rattled like a muffin-man's bell!"' Again: 'I have had arguments,' she tells us, 'if it be not presumption to call them so, with Carlyle on this point'—namely, the philosophy of happiness. 'It

appeared to me that he confounded happiness with pleasure, with self-indulgence. He set aside with a towering scorn the idea of living for the sake of happiness, so called: he styled this philosophy of happiness, the "philosophy of the frying-pan." But this was like the reasoning of a child, whose idea of happiness is plenty of sugar-plums. Pleasures, pleasurable sensation is, as the world goes, something to thank God for. I should be one of the last to undervalue it; I hope I am one of the last to live for it; and pain is pain, a great evil, which I do not like either to inflict or suffer. But happiness lies beyond either pain or pleasure—is as sublime a thing as virtue itself, indivisible from it; and under this point of view it seems a perilous mistake to separate them.'

From the section devoted to Notes on Art, the following extract is noteworthy:—'Subjects and representations in art, not elevated nor interesting in themselves, become instructive and interesting to higher minds from the *manner* in which they have been treated, perhaps because they have passed through the medium of a higher mind in taking form. This is one reason, though we are not always conscious of it, that the Dutch pictures of common and vulgar life give us a pleasure apart from their wonderful finish and truth of detail. In the mind of the artist there must have been the power to throw himself into a sphere above what he represents. Adrian Brouwer, for instance, must have been something far better than a sot; Ostade, something higher than a boor; though the habits of both led them into companionship with sots and boors. In the most farcical pictures of Jan Steen, there is a depth of feeling and observation which remind me of the humour of Goldsmith; and Teniers, we know, was in his habits a refined gentleman, the brilliant elegance of his pencil contrasting with the grotesque vulgarity of his subjects. To a thinking mind, some of these Dutch pictures of character are full of material for thought, pathetic even where least sympathetic; no doubt, because of a latent sympathy with the artist apart from his subject.' And again, *apropos* of Vandeyck, who painted the hands of his men and women, not from individual nature, but from a model-hand, perhaps his own—so that the hands in his portraits, however well painted and elegant, seldom harmonise with the *personalité*, but take an affected position, as if intended for display. 'Lavater told Goethe, that on a certain occasion when he held the velvet bag in the church, as collector of the offerings, he tried to observe only the hands; and he satisfied himself that in every individual, the shape of the hand and of the fingers, the action and sentiment in dropping the gift into the bag, were distinctly different, and individually characteristic. . . . There are hands of various character: the hand to catch, and the hand to hold; the hand to clasp, and the hand to grasp; the hand that has worked, or could work, and the hand that has never done anything but hold itself out to be kissed, like that of Joanna of Aragon, in Raphael's picture. Let any one look at the hands in Titian's portrait of old Paul IV.: though exquisitely modelled, they have an expression which reminds us of claws; they belong to the face of that grasping old man, and could belong to no other.'

These Notes on Art also comprise some eloquent remarks on sculpture, and tasteful suggestions on certain characters in history and poetry, considered as subjects for modern art—the Trojan Helen, for instance; and Iphigenia, Adam and Eve, Lady Godiva, Joan of Arc, Byron's Myrrha, and Talfourd's Ion—the last, the boy-hero, is indeed so essentially statuesque, that we share in her surprise that no sculptor has attempted that 'gracious' form, in all the tenderness of extreme youth, already self-devoted, and touched with a melancholy grace and an elevation beyond his years. There are also occasional observations

on music and musicians—a theme, however, upon which Mrs Jameson does not seem to be so entirely 'at home' as upon that of sculpture and painting. Be it added, in conclusion, that she has ornamented her commonplace-book with numerous illustrations and etchings, some of them inserted merely to divide the paragraphs and subjects, but nearly all marked by a tenderness, or refinement, or quaintness of fancy, that not a little enhances the pervading charm of the work itself.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

OPENING UP OF LONDON.

THE splendid improvements now going on in Paris provoke unpleasant comparisons with the slow march of similar affairs in London. We come almost to the conclusion, that a despotism has, after all, some good points. It has at least the merit of overleaping petty obstacles, and of going straight up to a point, which in freer communities it is next to impossible to reach by the wavering policy of public bodies. Yet, let us not rashly draw a political axiom from a comparison between London and Paris. London is an anomaly. There is no city in the world like it for size, wealth, and general importance; its very greatness making it unwieldy and backward in improvement. Perhaps there is another reason for its inertia. Nowhere do authorities cling so tenaciously to old usages. On the late occasion of a lord mayor being inducted into office, it was mentioned as a matter of pride, that the forms of procedure were six hundred years old. How odd it seems, when reforms of one kind or other have been effected all over the country in reference to the wants of modern society, that in the metropolis of the empire, there now prevail exactly the same modes of civic government as existed in the thirteenth century. And to make a boast of the thing, too!

If the truth were known, the people of London do not care a fig for these antiquated absurdities—they don't think of them; and if their attention is called to the subject, they talk of city government, and everything belonging to it, with something like contempt. Sure enough, there is no want of desire in the metropolis to set things to rights; but such is the everlasting bustle of occupation—the struggle for life, and the struggle for money—that nobody has any time to spare on public business. And so, unless we get hold of some conscience-stricken authorities, which is not very likely, the old ways will go on much as usual—for a time.

But this time cannot now be very long. Every year, from the increase of population and extension of commerce, the concourse of traffic in the streets becomes greater. If certain leading thoroughfares were bad enough when the population within the bills of mortality was a million and a half, it may be fancied what they are like now, with a population of two millions and a half. The state of matters in that great arterial thoroughfare, Ludgate Hill, at certain periods of the day, is really frightful—an utter choke up.

We entertained hopes that Sidney would have signalled his mayoralty by a decided move for opening up the denser part of London. We thought he was the man for such a project, and would not stick at trifles. But he, like his predecessors, has quitted the civic chair without immortalising himself. Will his successor be more enterprising? Will he, apart from corporation trammels, head a lifelike movement to render the streets so far passable that one may cross them without the risk of being ground to a homogeneous pulp in the roadway? Let justice, however, be done. A kind of beginning has been made, by the widening and opening up of Cannon Street. This new and

handsome thoroughfare, stretching from London Bridge to St Paul's Churchyard, is, to say the least of it, a fine thing. The new structures, tall and of imposing aspect, are an advance, architecturally, on the old-fashioned, red-brick, four-story houses. Occupied as wholesale warehouses, some of them have cost £40,000 each; and that great one at the corner (projecting too far into the Churchyard) is said to have cost £100,000. But fine as this street is, and greatly as it is calculated to relieve Cheapside, in a certain sense it only makes matters worse. We have now two Cheapsides instead of one, pouring a combined traffic down Ludgate Hill—an aorta unduly charged with double duty. It was certainly a brilliant idea that Cannon Street, only it did not go far enough. A half-and-half measure, it seems as if purposely designed to produce a congestion somewhere about St Paul's—that magnificent and ill-used structure, which is now more in the middle of an uproar than ever.

The great fault in these city projects is, the want of a comprehensive plan of operations. Now one little bit is done, and then another little bit; but all these little bits put together never make up a proper whole. Why cannot civic wisdom sit down quietly and scheme out a right thing; and having done so, go to work in earnest? Let the corporation get an act of parliament if it will, and armed with such a power, let it carry through matters with that degree of vigour which everybody is longing for. And if the corporation cannot do this, why should it not be superseded, and a real working-set of authorities established in its stead? Some such finale has, indeed, been talked of—perhaps planned as a practicability. But this being the age of parliamentary talking, the six-hundred-year-old phantom remains in occupation of Guildhall as in the days of yore; and it is needless to say anything more about it.

Reverting to Cheapside—what we should like to see done is the extension of that thoroughfare right along Paternoster Row, and so onwards across the Old Bailey and Farringdon Street; then, continuing westwards as a central thoroughfare. No doubt, this extension has long been contemplated. Sixteen or twenty years ago, the city, or somebody, bought the old Fleet Prison, and pulling it down, left the site ready for street operations. There, till this day, however, is the site lying useless—a good number of thousands sunk, as it were, for nothing. Some houses about the Cheapside end of Paternoster Row and Newgate Street have likewise been pulled down, and their sites left a waste, for no particular purpose that we can see but to furnish desirable boarding for bill-stickers. The plan in cogitation, we have been told, is to clear away the whole of the north side of Paternoster Row, and then rebuild it at a suitable distance back, so as to form the beginning of the new central extension. Carried out effectively, the projected street would at once take a large portion of the western-bound traffic of Cheapside from Ludgate Hill, and the daily choking up of that unfortunate aorta be relieved. What a blessing, also, would such an improvement effect in clearing out the abominations of Newgate-market, which no city but London would have tolerated till these later times!

A grand scheme this central thoroughfare, any way it can be viewed, and we only wish we saw it realised. The expense, however, as is generally imagined, would be unendurable. We do not quite agree in thinking this a valid excuse for civic indolence. Looking to the enormous sums at which building-ground has been sold in Cannon Street West—the site of one edifice being disposed of, as is said, at a ground-rent of £1200 per annum—and looking to the similar success of Regent Street, we apprehend that much of the outlay would be repaid by sales of land for new buildings.

Supposing, however, that there was a shortcoming from this department, on what better object, we should like to know, could the funds of the city be employed; or for what could a certain rate on property be more properly levied? The public, it is clear, would be the recipients of the benefit, and on the public must the burden fall in some form or other. At all events, it is surely time that the street-extension in question, along with other improvements incident to this important change, should be entered upon with as little delay as possible. It is almost needless to say, that those resident or carrying on business in London are not alone concerned in this renovation of a dense and inconvenient section of the metropolis. All who visit London are equally, if not more, interested in seeing effected so very desirable and long looked-for an improvement.

M A R E T I M O .

CHAPTER XIV.

A STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

ALTHOUGH we have not paused often to notice the life of expectation and suspense led by Paolo di Falco in the cell to which he was consigned, on the day of Walter's departure from Maretimo, our thoughts have not been absent from him. Every incident we have related has necessarily kept him in our minds. Never, perhaps, had prisoner less reason to complain of being forgotten by the world and by his friends. Walter, who had known him but a day—honest Mr Buck, who had never seen him at all—Luigi Spada, and the men of the *Filippa*—not to speak of Angela—all had risked, and some had lost their lives, in the attempt to restore him to liberty. He knew not what was passing, it is true; no sound, no rumour reached him in his sad retreat; but he was by nature faithful, and never faltered in his belief that kind hands were labouring towards his deliverance. It was best, perhaps, for him to remain thus ignorant; for if the triumphant manner in which Walter had performed his journey to Naples would have raised him to the pinnacles of hope and joy, the destruction of the *Filippa*—the alarm spread along the coast of Sicily—the march of the Marchese Belmonte, undertaken purposely to direct the measures necessary for the recapture of Angela and for the safe guardianship of the Island Prison—and, finally, the mysterious catastrophe of the chestnut-grove, with the despair of Walter—if he had known all these things, his resolution would most probably have failed him, and he would certainly have given over the prodigious labour he had begun, and carried on unintermittingly, as soon as the means and the precise object to be attained had presented themselves to him.

As we have already said, the window of his cell—an aperture about a cubit square—was defended by bars not very difficult to remove; there were four of them, crossed—two horizontal, and two perpendicular. But in the wall without, below the window, was a kind of *chevaux-de-frise* of prodigious strength, which, without tools, Paolo saw that it would be impossible for him to remove. The first moment this conviction came to him was one of hopelessness; but he cast a glance around, and a plan suddenly presented itself, the very simplicity of which made him laugh.

'The ingenuity of power to keep its victims,' murmured he, 'seems marvellous; but what is it beside the ingenuity of the man who labours for liberty? This iron machine, contrived to tear and mangle my body should I attempt to pass, will not arrest me even for a moment.'

We shall see whether this confidence was misplaced. The plan, which had come as it were by inspiration to

Paolo, served at anyrate this purpose: it gave him courage to work patiently to vanquish a vast number of minor obstacles, which it was necessary to remove within a given time.

The most admirable part of this obscure struggle for liberty was, perhaps, the week during which Paolo did absolutely nothing. He felt persuaded that at first a strict watch would be kept on his movements, both from within and from without, and had therefore the self-denial, when once he had arranged his plan of operations, to forbear putting it into execution until long after he had lulled all suspicion. He affected sullen resignation, and talked something to Carlo Mosca of approaching death. That strange jailer endeavoured then to cheer him, to insinuate the possibility of his being liberated, even to recur again to hints about their mutual flight.

'Signor,' he said one day, 'you have mighty relatives in the north of Italy. I have heard it stated that the fortune of the Di Falcos of Florence and Pisa is equal to half the revenues of Sicily. How is it that they have not interceded in your behalf?'

'You know, Mosca,' replied Paolo, curious to learn what was coming, though accustomed to overtures of this nature, 'that I have often wished to write to my friends, but you have always refused to take charge of my letters.'

'Because I dared not. To send a letter to Italy would be perhaps easy; but if your relatives are not cold towards you, they would make a stir and talk of it, and it would be known that I alone had served you. I should lose my place; and generous persons would not be able to reward me; for there are deeper dungeons than this for those who betray their trust.'

'Well, Mosca, then it is useless to torture me with this talk. There is no hope.'

'What!' cried the jailer, darting a fierce look at him, 'are you so careless of liberty? Why, a dog howls if it be shut up.'

The thought that passed through his mind was—he is planning an escape. Two hours after, he returned with a small ladder, and carefully examined the bars of the window, saying that he had received special orders from the commandant. Happily, Paolo had not yet begun his work.

Ever since the interview between Walter and Paolo, the mind of the jailer had never been at ease: he felt persuaded that they had talked of a plan of escape, or at anyrate of some means of liberty. What he wished to discover was, whether the Englishman had been charged with a mission to the Tuscan branch of the Di Falco family, not knowing that the Sicilian had been so long separated from them, that Paolo had never even thought of claiming their assistance. He had recently heard of the relationship in a conversation between the commandant and some inspector who had visited the island, and his old speculations had again disturbed his day and night dreams. If these princes were really to care for their relative, and agree to give a price for his liberty, his utmost ambition might be satisfied.

When Paolo, however, shewed so little interest in the overtures he had made, a feeling of hostility definitively took the place of avarice in his mind. From that time forward, all his faculties were devoted to the task of detecting and counterworking the plot, of the existence of which he felt persuaded. The apparent tranquillity and inaction of the Prisoner irritated him, but did not throw him off his guard. Many were his sleepless nights and moody days. He sat once from sunset until sunrise, on the edge of the moat, opposite the window of Paolo's cell, like a cat opposite a rat-hole; and the unhappy Prisoner, whilst the moon shone, could make out the outline of the meagre form and tall night-cap of his enemy, motionless like a granite sphynx, and felt that the walls and bars he had

to break through were not to be feared more than the incessant watchfulness of that miserable man.

It is odious in most cases to record with pleasure the sufferings of our frail mortality. We may slay an enemy in the open field; but when we hear that fever, or some more terrible disease, is reducing the warrior, as if by magic, to the yellow decrepitude only to be seen in the most hopeless wards of an hospital, we cannot, even though our cause may triumph by this aid, repress a pang of pity. The strong man who comes to kill, is scarcely mourned when he meets with death, unless he be united with us by the ties of country or of blood. But the pestilence which rises from the quivering marsh or the stagnant pool, which mingles like poison with the air we breathe, rifles with treacherous and lawless hand the treasure of life, and stretches on an unseen rack some father, husband, brother, even though he may have been born under another sky, and belong to a nation forced into contest with us by an irresistible will—this is an enemy for whose victims we can all spare a tear, whose ravages we dare not record without a shudder.

But we cannot pretend that we do not share the delight with which Paolo heard the fact, that the dews of watchful nights had proved pernicious to his jailer; that Mosca was racked in every joint by fierce pains; and that he was compelled often to pass whole days and nights in bed. It was shortly after this time that Paolo had resolved to commence his great attempt, well knowing, however, that should he once be discovered, all means of action would be taken away immediately. The only iron instrument he possessed was a penknife with many blades; but this seemed sufficient for his purpose. The bars of the window were merely introduced in a hollow cut in the stone at one end, and sealed with cement, that appeared soft and crumbly, at the other. By a violent effort he might have displaced them; but this would have left traces that must have attracted Mosca's eyes at once, and for the accomplishment of his plan, it was necessary to loosen the bars long before the day appointed for his escape.

At the hour when he knew he should be left alone, he constructed the scaffolding necessary to enable him to reach the window on the tenth day, we believe, that succeeded the departure of Walter; and with beating heart and trembling hand began to scratch the cement that fastened one of the perpendicular bars. He easily removed a considerable portion; but growing warm in the work, used his instrument too freely, so that the blade broke off close to the handle. This warned him to break off purposely the next blade about midway, and so he continued digging and scratching until he had quite removed the cement. He now found that there was nothing to prevent him from taking out the bar at once; but having ascertained this fact, he left it in its position, carefully swept away the crumbs of cement, and the day being nearly spent, hastened to arrange the cell as it was before. Then, completely exhausted, more by emotion than by the fatigue of standing so long in a constrained position, he threw himself on his couch, and was found by Mosca sleeping tranquilly.

The invalid jailer, on the days when his suffering was not too great, still visited the Prisoner at his accustomed hours, although a sullen soldier had been charged with the task of regularly bringing the meagre meal allowed. It had become one of the habits of Mosca's life to contemplate the silent misery of his Prisoner, and compare it with his own. At times he would experience mighty fits of anger, on remembering what some one had told him once, that the jailer and his charge mutually deprived each other of liberty. Both were confined on different sides of the same door. 'Perhaps,' thought he, 'this poor noble delights his mind with the idea that I am chained to him by an irresistible

necessity; and when I talk of free wanderings on distant hills, laughs to himself, thinking that they are as impossible for me as for him.' Then he would rack his invention to discover a means of punishing the Prisoner for this imaginary wrong; and his limited, but accurate, knowledge of chained human nature, told him that he need never vary from his old method—to raise hopes of liberty, and then to disappoint them.

On the occasion of which we speak, he had left his couch because such meditations had tortured him worse than his disease. He came to wreak his sufferings on the only victim that chance had placed within his reach. Paolo, as we have said, slept. His dreams were of liberty and Angela. A happy expression, which Mosca had never seen before, lighted up his countenance. Every now and then his lips parted to utter some few words—always the same, always pronounced with a smile of ineffable pleasure. Mosca knew that some closely cherished thought was bubbling up from the depths of the Prisoner's soul. He closed the door carefully, and sitting down by the bedside, listened intently. From his attitude, one might have imagined that he was watching a sick friend with tender solicitude; but his countenance would have told the truth. His ear hunged to swallow the words which Paolo unconsciously was uttering; his eyes were rounded with eagerness; and his open mouth, shewing a few yellow teeth, was ready to smile triumphantly. Suddenly he gave a start of intense pleasure. Three successive times Paolo had distinctly uttered the words: 'The fifth of June!'

'Ha!' exclaimed the jailer, 'is that the day of hope? Mosca will be strong then, and able to watch.'

'You were saying?' inquired Paolo, waking up, but quite unconscious of having betrayed so much of his secret.

'Nothing, nothing,' replied Mosca, endeavouring to conceal his joy. 'I came to see how you were. As for me, I am ill—very ill; but that pleases you—does it not? I am such an incorruptible jailer—such a hard-hearted wretch, eh?'

'You think, I suppose, you are doing your duty; and I have no right to blame you.'

'You suppose! Can there be a doubt? Are not my interest and duty one? I am settled here for life; sure never to want a bit of bread. Who has ever promised me a lot like that?'

'I have often said, Mosca, that the man to whom I owed freedom should never want as long as I lived.'

'But the security—where is the security? Ha! ha! We know millions of stories of broken promises; but who ever keeps his word to the letter? "Save me, save me, dear kind souls!" screamed the drowning duke, "and I will give half I possess." A peasant dragged him out of the water. "You are an honest fellow," quoth the duke; "there are three sequins for your pains." That is worth knowing; well worth knowing. Santissima Virgine! we old men must have some consolation for the loss of youth, and wisdom is something. Trust no man, believe no man. If I had known so much twenty years ago, I should not have been turnkey on this accursed rock of Martinito!'

So saying, Mosca, not waiting for an answer, hastened away, chuckling as he ascended the narrow staircase, and repeating with every variety of intonation: 'The fifth of June—the fifth of June!' He never doubted for an instant that he was on the track of some plot, by which his reputation might have been compromised and his passions disappointed.

Paolo was four or five days in loosening all the bars. As he kept a careful register of time, he knew that he had but a fortnight more before him; and he sometimes doubted whether he should be able in that brief space to carry out his plan, which was this: to bring the end of one of the bars to a sharp point; for his great

difficulty was how, without the aid of a ladder, to climb the wall of masonry by which the moat was surrounded. To obviate this, he had determined to make use of the bars of his window, inserting them one after the other in the wall, if possible, at one of the places where it formed an angle in the rear of the prison. But they were blunt, and the facing of the moat, though old, seemed formed of stones tolerably well joined with thick cement.

Of course it was nothing but the absence of hope in any other quarter, that made Paolo conceive the possibility of success in this strange enterprise. When he had conferred with Walter, he enjoyed the liberty of remaining out late every afternoon with a couple of guards, sometimes even with one. It seemed not absurd, therefore, to suppose that he would be able to break away; and taking advantage of his intimate acquaintance with all the passes and paths on the island, make from some distant point to the place agreed upon, remaining there hidden for an hour or so, until the boat appeared. For these reasons the rendezvous had been fixed for a short time after sunset, instead of late in the night. But now the difficulties of escape were vastly increased by this arrangement. Paolo calculated that he must remove the bars, and descend into the moat, during the twilight—choose the place of ascent before it was quite dark—and not occupy more than half an hour in reaching the little glacis behind the fort, from which he knew that a path, practicable by one person only at a time, went backwards and forwards along the face of the vast precipice rising behind, gradually verging towards the summit. Once on this path, and out of reach of the muskets of the garrison, he felt sure that, by a circuitous way which he well knew, he could reach the point determined on in due time. His pursuers, if he were indeed pursued, would necessarily scatter themselves, and wander, not knowing what direction he had taken.

We need not relate in detail the little incidents of Paolo's lengthy and laborious task. He found that one of the bars was already pointed in a slight degree; and spent many hours every day, and many hours every night in sharpening it, sometimes against the hardest part of another bar, sometimes against a great iron ring which he found fixed in the ground under his bed, and which revealed that he was not even then treated with the utmost severity customary in that prison. When he first discovered it, he felt a double emotion of gratitude: first, that he had not been chained; and, secondly, that he could carry on his work without loosening two bars at the same time.

The little progress, however, which he made each day, caused him considerable uneasiness. The month of June had already begun, when an accident furnished him with the means of proceeding more rapidly, though with considerable risk of discovery. At the same time, his courage was raised in an extraordinary degree.

Mosca came one morning, still an invalid, but much stronger in health, with a portable fireplace; and, as usual, not asking permission, began to cook his breakfast in a corner of the cell. As he blew the charcoal with his weak breath, the glow gave a strange tint to his face, and revealed an expression from which Paolo knew at once that the man had much to tell. At last Mosca turned sharp round, and said:

'That Englishman is a fine fellow. He has kept at least half his promise.'

Paolo was at first alarmed; and his knees trembled so violently, that he was compelled to lean against the wall for support.

'What do you mean?' he asked in a husky voice. 'Of what promise do you speak?'

'I know all,' snarled Mosca, lying as was his wont. 'You agreed with the Englishman that he should go and steal away your wife from Naples. He has done it!'

'Angela free!' exclaimed Paolo with indescribable

delight; and he buried his face in his hands. But at that critical moment it was not to give way to emotion; he understood, as if by inspiration, that he was about to be put to a dangerous test, and felt the necessity of collecting all his powers of dissimulation. Mosca, who deceived himself in his fondness for gradual approaches, thought that every word of his would now provoke an admission from the overwhelmed Prisoner.

'Yes,' said he speaking slowly, 'she is free, and in Sicily; but no one knows where—in company with the Englishman, who is to come and carry you off from us on the fifth of June.'

'I am glad to hear it!' replied Paolo with sublime indifference, thrusting down the terror which started up in the depths of his soul, with gesture as powerful as that of the angels of light when they repulsed the escalade of the fallen—'I am glad to hear it, Mosca; that news is as good as the other.' Then reverting, as if naturally, to his wife, he exclaimed: 'If she be free from restraint, I shall live happy here. Noble Englishman!' But he did not reveal, by word or gesture, either that the choice of a place of refuge had surprised him, or that he was terribly alarmed by the allusion to the fifth of June.

Mosca was utterly defeated. He tried to persuade himself still that the discovery on which he had laid so much stress was valuable; but he could not. The quiet indifference of Paolo was beyond the range of his conception. Affected surprise, or jocularly, or sham cunning looks, would not have deceived him; but here he had found his master so completely, that when left alone Paolo felt the victory he had gained—ceased from fear that his plan was known—became convinced that Mosca had accidentally hit upon a date—and full of joy that his wife and friend were so near, no doubt plotting his freedom, returned with redoubled energy to his task.

Mosca had carried away his cooking-utensils, leaving his fire in full glow. The Prisoner, feeling certain that he would not return, took down the bar—which he was accustomed to replace in the day by a piece of wood, lest the deficiency should be observed from without—and at once with desperate courage proceeded to heat it. Some Sicilian smith had forged it of malleable iron. With a hammer Paolo in a few minutes could have brought it to sufficient sharpness; but he was obliged to loosen another bar, and use the iron ring we have mentioned as an anvil. The first stroke, moreover, echoed terribly in the cell; but misfortune is ingenious. Paolo took the coverings of his bed and covered himself with them as with a tent, under which he worked patiently, forging the instrument of his deliverance. It may easily be imagined that the result was very imperfect. He had to heat the bar over and over again; and at last he burned all the charcoal left by Mosca, and found the iron grow cold and hard long ere he had produced what could satisfactorily be called a point. With flushed face and streaming brow he stood examining his handiwork, when suddenly he heard some one preparing to open the door. Luckily, there were two bolts to remove and a heavy key to turn twice. Paolo flung himself on the bed, which he had restored to its ordinary position, and turned, with the bar under him, on his face. Mosca had come to fetch his charcoal, and growled ill-naturedly when he saw that it had all been used. Paolo did not answer, pretending to be asleep; but he was really in an agony of terror. He had forgotten to restore the second bar to its place; and a single glance of Mosca's eye would be sufficient to reveal the deficiency, and render all the labours he had undertaken vain. But the jailer, occupied with other thoughts, went away; and Paolo arose and threw himself passionately on his knees, devoutly and sincerely ascribing his protection to the same Divine Power which had hitherto so well watched over him.

There yet remained only to prepare the means of

descending into the moat. Paolo believed that by forcing his mattress through the window he could, as it were, stifle the *chevaux-de-frise* that had so terrified him for a moment. He might receive a few wounds, it is true; but of this probability he made light. At the outset, he had contemplated cutting his sheets and blankets into strips, and making a kind of rope; but on reconsideration, he thought it best, at anyrate, to defer this to the last moment. Strictly speaking, the coverings of the bed, tied together, would be sufficient to enable him to drop into the moat.

By the fourth of June, all Paolo's preparations were terminated; and it may easily be imagined that he passed that idle day in a state of anxiety, that increased hour by hour and minute by minute. He could learn nothing further of the movements of Walter and Angela. Mosca professed perfect ignorance. It was, therefore, natural for him to suppose that they had successfully concealed themselves, and that Walter, in some impenetrable disguise, was hovering on the opposite coast, ready to put to sea and keep his appointment with all fidelity. The idea that, after the mighty labour and terrible suspense he had endured, he should succeed in escaping to find himself alone on the border of the sea, watching in vain for a friendly bark, listening in vain for the dip of the friendly oar, hearing the voices of pursuers amongst the mountains calling to each other, and gradually closing in upon him, with perhaps a night of miserable liberty to hope for sitting on the cold wave-washed stones, and after that a closer captivity than ever—this idea did not yet occur to him. The obstacles he had to encounter before reaching that terrible situation were sufficiently great to occupy his mind; and he could not conceive it possible that the attempt should fail, except from clumsiness or ill-luck on his side.

Paolo had carefully replaced the bars, and believed that what he principally had to fear was some sudden access of suspicion on the part of Mosca. The jailer, however, shewed no sign of unusual watchfulness; and although the Prisoner had to reconcile himself to the idea of failure as the most probable contingency, his mind was continually filled with thoughts that had no business there, except under the supposition of liberty. Perfectly ignorant of the part which Luigi Spada and his friends had destined him to play, he travelled in imagination to some foreign country, equally sunny with his own, where the smiles of Angela would stand him in stead of wealth, and where the vista of a new life might open before him. Although the prison had aged him, he was still sufficiently young to believe in happiness—that noble illusion of the best minds, who seek not to decoy it from the side of virtue, to make it take the demeanour of pleasure, so cheaply won, so easily lost, so bitterly regretted. He dreamed of long years of love, whilst abysses were yawning on every side, whilst hate and violence were making playthings of his hopes, whilst all whom he yearned to behold were plunged in the very depths of sorrow and despair—whilst the elements of a terrible catastrophe seemed gathering on every side.

The dawn came of the fifth of June. The sun sent a few rays into Paolo's cell. Birds twittered round his window. A balmy air breathed in, and appeared to give him the strength necessary for his undertaking. He tried, however, to sleep again; but busier thoughts than ever filled his mind. We cannot pause to describe the thousand varying moments of hope or despair through which he passed successively. At such epochs in a man's life time seems, as it were, to stagnate; the minutes flow unwillingly; an hour expands into an age. Paolo was already looking for signs of approaching eve when the sun had not yet run half its course.

But the monotony of protracted suspense was disturbed in a manner equally unexpected and undesired.

Although Paolo's cell was below the part of the fort usually inhabited, so that sounds of life rarely reached him, he heard towards noon a great bustle in the place. At another time, anything new would have occupied his mind, or inspired him with hope. Now, the sign of any change whatever filled him with disgust. His heart sickened. Had he laboured so successfully until then to be doomed to disappointment? Was he not even to be allowed the chance of an attempt, during which, if he did not win his freedom, he might at anyrate lose his life? He was pacing his cell, occupied by such thoughts, when sounds came to him from the corridor without, and the door was opened by Mosca; but instead of entering, the jailer fell back respectfully, and Paolo stood face to face with the father of Angela, the artificer of his misery, his jailer, and his enemy—the Marchese Belmonte.

WAR IN ENGLAND.

WHILE the jubilation of pealing bells and thunderous cannon, in honour of a victory, is yet echoing in our ears—while tears fall for the slain, and laurels are plucked for the brow of the victor—let us look back on a little episode of history which brings before us certain incidents that befell when we had war, real war in England, with all its havoc and horror. For our knowledge of the facts, we are indebted to the publication by the Society of Antiquaries of a series of nine letters found in the State-paper Office. These letters were written in the year 1642 by one Nehemiah Wharton, who appears to have been an officer in one of the troops of London Volunteers that joined the army of the Earl of Essex, and are all addressed to a merchant at 'the Golden Anchor, in St Swithin's Lane,' who had been his master. Nehemiah was perhaps one of those called 'gentlemen 'prentices'; at all events, judging from his expressions, his heart was thoroughly in the popular cause, and he never forgets to send his 'humble service' to his late master and 'mistress,' and his 'love to all his fellow-servants'; subscribing himself 'your poore, auntient, humble, and affectionate servant to command.' He makes no secret of his opinions, thereby shewing us what people thought and did during the great civil conflict; and as he says something about places as well as persons, his communications are full of interest.

The first letter was written from Aylesbury, on the 16th August of the year above mentioned. Nehemiah tells that, having left London on the 8th, with the Sixth Company, he marched to Acton, where they made speedy acquaintance with hardship, for being 'belated, many of the soldiers were constrained to lodge in beds whose feathers were above a yard long.' They pillaged next morning the house of 'one Penruddock, a papist,' having been 'basely affronted by him and his dogge;' and shewed their zeal in breaking into the church, and defacing the stained-glass windows, and burning 'the holy railles.' Chiswick church was served in the same way; at Hillingdon, there being no rails to burn, they 'got the surplesse, to make handkerchers;' and at Uxbridge burned 'the service-boock.' Such mischief is frequently mentioned, no opportunity of perpetrating it having been lost; and it is remarkable that scenes of plunder and destruction are recorded as generally followed by a 'worthy' or 'heavenly sermon' from some of the ministers in attendance on the army. In some instances, however, the commanders interfere to prevent the violence of the men.

From Uxbridge, Nehemiah goes with three other officers and 100 musketeers to 'bringe the ammunition' to Amersham, in Buckinghamshire, which, he says, 'is

the sweetest country that I ever saw, and as is the country so also is the people: but he complains of the miles as being too long. At Wendover, one of the men, 'forgetting he was charged with a bullet, shot a maide through the head, and she immediately died'—an accident which made the company 'march very sadly two miles; but presently meeting Hampden, with a number of well-mounted gentlemen, they shouted for joy, and entered Aylesbury in high spirits, where a regiment of foot and troops of horse were already quartered. There was nothing wanting to complete the letter-writer's happiness but a devoutly-minded commander, the one they had being so unpopular, that every one wished 'the Parliament would depose him, or God convert him.'

In the second letter, dated Coventry, August 26, we find the troop marching towards Buckingham, capturing 'delinquents' by the way, skirmishing with the enemy, and Nehemiah himself kills a deer in the park of the 'malignant fellow' Sir Alexander Denton, and feasts his companions to their great content. But the next day they had other kind of cheer on their way into Northamptonshire, 'a long and tedious journey, wanting both bread and water, and about ten at night came unto Byfield in dispiight of our enemies, at which toun we could get no quarter, neither meate, drinke, nor lodgings; and had we not bin suplied with ten cart-loads of provision and beere from Banbury, many of us had perished.' Going on the next day to Southam, in Warwickshire, they arrived worn out with fatigue, and before they could eat or drink, an alarm arose that the enemy were upon them; however, the men mustered bravely, and demanded to have 'a dish of Cavaleers' to supper or breakfast; and to be ready for a surprise, were compelled 'to lye upon hard stones' in the streets all night. The next morning, 'being on fire' to be at the enemy, they met them in the fields, drove them back, and picking up one of their cannon-balls by the way, 'sent it to them againe, and killed a horse and a man.' Altogether, fifty of the Royalists were killed in this encounter, and were promptly stripped by their victors, who passed wounded men that 'lay a dieinge' in the fields some two or three miles distant.

Nehemiah appears to have been greatly pleased with his experiences of Coventry; for in his third letter, dated August 30, he describes it as 'a city invironed with a wall coequal, if not exceeding, that of London for breadth and height,' with gates and battlements, 'magnificent churches and stately streets,' and abundant fountains; altogether, a place 'very sweetly situate.' Of food, there was no stint: 'Venison,' he writes, 'is almost as common with us as beefe with you;' and here the troops remained a day or two, forbidden to plunder under penalty of 'martiall law,' but permitted to seize 'base priests' and Cavaliers wherever they could find them, and able to hear sermons again for the first time since they left Aylesbury.

Then comes a change. While on the route to Northampton, Nehemiah says: 'I was exceeding sick, and the pallet of my mouth fell down; but Captain Beacon, my loving friend, sent a mile for a little pepper, and put it up again.' On Dunsmore Heath, the men marched twelve miles 'without any sustenance, inso-much that many of them drank stinking water'—a privation which no doubt made them the more willing to 'pillage the parson' when they got to Barby, and found it a poverty-stricken village. At Long Buckby, four miles further, Nehemiah relates: 'We had very hard quarter, inso-much that many of our captaines could get no lodging, and our soldiers were glad to despoesse the very swine.' A day later, and their short-commons were exchanged for a surfeit of venison, for the soldiers made rare havoc among the deer in Lord Northampton's park; and afterwards came near making prisoner of his lordship, who had stolen into the town as a spy.

Northampton, says Nehemiah, writing on 7th September, for 'statelynesse of buildinge, exceeds Coventry; but the walls are miserably ruined, though the country abounds in mines of stone.' Here the troop broke out in mutiny, and demanded an increase of pay; and great dissensions arose among the horse and foot, the former being much given to harry the latter, although of the same army, when occasion offered. 'I myself have lately experimentally found it,' writes Nehemiah, yet in a manful spirit; 'but I am not discouraged by any of these, but by God's assistance will undauntedly proceede, for God is able to reconcile all our differences.'

Still at Northampton, 13th September. Nehemiah, while riding out with twenty musketeers to apprehend a 'base priest,' heard that 'the base blew coats of Colonell Cholmley's regiment' had pillaged a worthy gentleman who was not on the royal side, and relates: 'I immediately divided my men into three squadrons, surrounded them, and forced them to bring their pillage upon their own backs unto the house againe; for which service I was welcomed with the best varieties in the house, and had given me a scarlet coate lined with plush, and several excellent bookes in folio of my own chusinge.' But, alas for the fortune of war, even among friends! As Nehemiah rode back, proud of his exploit and its reward, 'a troope of horse,' he says, 'belonging unto Col. Foynes, met me, pillaged me of all, and robbed mee of my very sword; for which cause I told them I would other have my sword or dye in the field, commanded my men to charge with bullet, and by devisions to fire upon them, which made them with shame return me my sword.' The London Volunteers were perhaps looked on as Cockneys by the troops of the regular army, and therefore fair game for any species of insult. Nehemiah was so enraged, that for a night and a day he watched the gate, to catch the plunderers on their arrival; but though he 'searched every horseman of that troope to the skin, and took from them a fat bock, and a venison-pasty ready baked,' he lost his 'own goods.'

Then came 'tidings that Prince Robert [Rupert], that diabolical Cavaleere, had surrounded Lester, and demanded L.2000, or else threatened to plunder the toun: whereupon the soldiers were even made to be at them, but wanted commission.' In the next few days, some 'famous sermons' were preached, to the great benefit, as is recorded, of the hearers; and Nehemiah was with those who 'marched forth to meet his Excellency,' as Cromwell was called, and the watchword for that night was 'Welcome.' It was something to have looked on the face of Cromwell. On the 14th September, all the forces were drawn out, and the great leader, says Nehemiah, 'viewed us, both front, rear, and flank, when the drums beating and the trumpets sounding made a harmony delectable to our friends, but terrible to our enemies'—a thorough review, no doubt. Soon after, the regiment marched to Rugby and Warwick, hearing on the way that all the malignants 'were got into Worcester, and fortified themselves;' but his military spirit did not prevent his going to see the antiquities near Warwick—'as Sir Guy's Cave; his chapel, and his picture in it; his stables, all hewed out of the main rock; as also his garden, and two springing wells whereat he drank, as is reported.' From hence a sudden move was made to Burford, where the hardships began again. But warm work was at hand: they marched to Worcester, though at times with 'small comfort, for it rained hard. Our food was fruit, for those who could get it; our drink, water; our beds, the earth; our canopy, the clouds; but we pulled up the hedges, pales, and gates, and made good fires: his Excellency promising us that, if the country relieved us not the day following, he would fire their towns. Thus we continued singing of psalms until the morning.' A sharp skirmish ensued, and the troops marched

into Worcester, where some of them 'entering a vault of the college, where his Excellency was to hear a sermon, found eleven barrels of gunpowder and a pot of bullets.' Was this the material of another abortive gunpowder plot? Cromwell forbade all plunder of churches or private houses on pain of death; and Nehemiah adds: 'We shortly expect a pitched battle, which, if the Cavaliers will but stand, will be very hot; for we are all much enraged against them for their barbarisms, and shall shew them little mercy.' The Royalists, on the other hand, 'boast wonderfully that the next time they meet us, they will make but a mouthfull of us.' In such a way could Englishmen speak of one another when roused by religious zeal to open hostilities.

The last three letters are all dated from Worcester; the final one on 7th October. After the king's forces had been driven out, Nehemiah took a survey of the city, and went to the top of the Malvern Hills, 'which, for height, and length, and breadth,' he says, 'doe many degrees exceede all that I ever see.' The country he describes as 'abounding in corne, woods, pastures, hills, and valleys; every hedge and heigh way beset with fruits, but especially with pears, whereof they make that pleasant drinke called perry, which they sell for a penny a quart, though better than ever you tasted at London.' Of Worcester itself, he remarks: 'The city is so vile, and the country so base, papisticall, and atheisticall, and abominable, that it resembles Sodam, and is the very image of Gomorrah.'

Nehemiah was one of the nine hundred who made a reconnoissance as far as Hereford; 'the weather wet, and the way very fowle;' and 'by reason of the raine and snow,' he adds, 'and extremity of cold, one of our soldiers died by the way; and it is wonderfull we did not all perish.' Snow on the 1st of October was what we should now consider an extraordinarily early sign of winter. Of the inhabitants of Hereford we read, they 'are totally ignorant in the waies of God, and much addicted to drunkenness and other vices, but principally unto swearing, so that the children that have scarce learned to speake doe universally sweare stoutlye.' On Sunday, the men took the opportunity to shew their dislike of the cathedral service, for the letter goes on: 'We went to the Minster, when the pipes played, and the puppets sang so sweetly, that some of our soldiers could not forbear dauncing in the holie quire; whereat the Baallists were sore displeased.'

The troop having been relieved a few days afterwards, marched back to Worcester, where his Excellency's proclamation, 'that all soldiers that would set to digging, should have twelpence the day, and enter into pay presently,' caused numbers to set to work at the intrenchments, 'scaunces, half moones, redouts, &c., beginninge at Severne on one side of the city, and goeing round the city unto Severne againe.' Among other incidents which took place, Nehemiah recounts that 'a pare of gallows were set up in the Market-place for the villan that betrayed the troopes into the hands of Prince Rupert; and he sends to his London friends 'the gods of the Cavaliers'—some of the images pillaged from the chapel at the sack of Sir W. Russell's house.

Here the series of letters abruptly terminates; no more have been discovered, and the curtain drops on Nehemiah Wharton and his adventures in the war between the king and parliament. He opens to us a little-known byway of history, in which we pick up sundry curious particulars of habits, customs, modes of thought, and the miseries attendant on hostile movements. Judging from his letters, he appears to have been a brave and well-conducted fellow; he never profited by the plunderings, leaving that to the 'ruder sort of soldiers, whose society,' he tells us, 'blesed be God, I hate and avoide.'

OUR SOLDIER-BROTHERS.

BY MRS D. OGILVY.

'Who sneers the giants were of old,
The dwarfs are of to-day;
Your fathers were of iron mould,
Your brothers are of clay;
Your fathers trod in ringing steel,
Your sons in silken vest;
Your fathers sought the common weal,
Your sons their selfish rest?'

Whoever doubts our Husbands' might,
Our Brothers' warrior-mien,
I bid him stand on Alma's height
Or Inkermann's ravine;
There fenceless bosoms panted high
As ever corslet bound,
Nor visor screened the dauntless eye
That scanned the foes around.

Across those dark Cimmerian shades,
Which weeping ghosts of yore
Thrid from their soft Thessalian glades
Unto the Eternal shore;
Never went souls to death and doom
In such heroic state,
Nor wider yawned the entrance-gloom
Of that Tartarean gate.

Together o'er the battle-field
They frayed their gory path,
Who sword to sword, and shield to shield,
Had ofttimes met in wrath.
Still rivals in a warrior's joy,
But rival comrades true,
They razed the feuds of Fontenoy,
Of Creecy and Poitou.

As banded-brothers in the front
They stood, when savage hordes
Came rushing to the deadly brunt
From Don and Volga's fords—
They stood inlaced, that little group,
Right in the cannon's track,
Defied the Northern Eagle's swoop,
And hurled his legions back.

O England! did the sneerers say,
'Thy veins were ebbing cold,
That feeble were thy sons to-day
By them thou 'st borne of old?'
Rise up and vindicate their blood,
And tell the slanderous crew
The first-born of thy nationhood
Were not more brave and true!

The grand old Mother! hoary-haired,
And seamed with toil and grief,
She blest them whom war hath spared,
The Private and the Chief:
She blest them with fervent prayer,
And in each flashing eye
You see they count it well to dare
For her—if need, to die.

She saith: 'I am content to fall,
If my decline be near,
With such a race to bear my pall,
To lift me on my bier.
I am content, for men must say
Her growth was proud and long,
These are the fruits of her decay,
What young lands boast as strong?
And if I perish, Children, state
This simple truth of me:
"She lived to make the nations great,
She fell to keep them free!"'

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